

# **New Poetry by Yael Hacoheh**



## Fortitude

Seven times I've been to the Wall  
to scribble my prayers  
and fold them into  
the seams in the yellow stones.  
The walls of Jericho fell on the seventh  
so I elbow my way through the crowd  
to put my ear to the stones  
and hear the horses surround them,  
but the wail of sirens drown out the hooves  
the herds disperse from the plaza  
and I forsake the Wall  
to let it stand on its own  
an ancient olive tree  
straining against its plot in the dirt.

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## Pre Traumatic

The first time I shot an M-16  
it was the heat of summer in the Negev.   
Gas-operated with a rotating bolt,   
five-point-fifty six caliber,   
with nineteen bullets a box.   
I could shoot like an angel,  
I could hit a running target   
at six-hundred-fifty meters.   
I cried the first time.  
I was eighteen.  
Already, my hair in a bun.  
You didn't stand  
a chance.

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